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The Slipp'ry Eel

 L' LADY LUCK sho' has bin good to me lately," quoth Isaiah Jones as he walked merrily down Cedar Street. He had gotten back his old job with Hema Zill and everything was rosy.

"Ah'll bet Louise'll be s'prised to heah dat Ah'se out o' jail 'a' wo'kin' fo' Mistuh Zill agin."

The days rolled swiftly by and Isaiah became one of the most sought after young gentleman in Black Bottom. He became the Beau Brummel of Cedar Street.

Our dusky friend had ben hitting it pretty lucky in the crap games at the Tamarack Shack, and much of the money he had spent on clothes. His wardrobe soon rivaled that of Hema Zill, a thing heretofore thought unbelievable and impossible. Louise, the only girl in the world to Isaiah, had promised to become Mrs. Isaiah Jones within the next few months, and Isaiah was walking on air.

"Honey," gurgled Louise, "dat was he prodes' moment of mah life when Brudder Zill ast yo' ter com down offer de hea'se ter pray fo' de depahted spirit at brudder Johnson's fun'ral."

"Sugah," returned Isaiah, "Ah means ter tell yo' sompin—Ah's gwine ter open up a fun'ral pahlah all mah own soon. Ah has de money all sabled up."

"Baby, dat's fine," Louise exclaimed. "Yer wan's me to

set a date fo' de weddin'? Well, de day arter yo' opens up yo' fun'ral pahlah Ah'll marry yo'."

Isaiah, since his last experience with banks, had kept all of his money in a shoe stuck away in his closet. He now had some three hundred dollars saved up and was planning to open his Funeral Parlor soon.

Isaiah was walking down Cedar Street to his rooming house one night when someone tapped him on the shoulder. "Say," the stranger queried, "Ain't dat a 'Blue Goose' pin on yo' coat?"

"Sho' it am," answered Isaiah. "Why?"

"Well," returned the stranger, showing Isaiah a similar button in the lapel of his coat, "Ah'm Joe Doaks, treas'er 'n' pas' pres'den' ob de Atlan'a Chaptah ob Blue Gooses."

"Well, Brudder Doak," Isaiah came back, "Ah sho' is glad ter see one ob de Atlan'a brudders. Wadya say yo' spen' de nite wid me tonite?"

"Sho'," remarked Joe, with a smile. "Ah'll be glad to." So together the two went to Isaiah's room.

The next morning Isaiah had to leave early to attend to some matters concerning hiring a brass band for the opening of his funeral parlor. It was his intention that he should return early and the two would have breakfast together.

At about eight-thirty Isaiah returned. He found his room all messed up and his drawers ransacked. He ran to the closet. Yes, everything was gone—his fine suits, two pairs of shoes (one containing three hundred dollars) and his two large suitcases. On his dresser he found a "Blue Goose" lodge pin and a note reading thus:

"You pore sap! By de time you gits dis A'll be on my way West. By de way, gib dis pin to de clerk at de Tamrack Shack. He lost it de oder day. (Signed) The Slippery Eel."

"Leap, the Flea, killed Creep, the Louse.

With no stranger share your house."

JIMMY KRANZ, '30.

Thou Shalt Not Kill

YES, mother, my mind is made up. I am going to America. Always have I cherished that name, from knee-high infancy to manhood. I am twenty-four now, and the time has come for me to go." He turned to his beloved brother. "And you, Karl, I would like to take you with me."

"No, Frederick, I belong to the Fatherland. I have been commissioned to the Imperial Aviation Corps, and my commission is on its way now," replied Karl.

"That's fine; I wish you luck. But I wish you would go with me."

"When are you leaving, my son?"

"Oh, I don't know, mother, in about a week I guess."

* * *

Two years later.

"Hello, Billy, how's the boy? Been working hard?"

"Yep, Fred. How are you getting along at the bank?"

"Oh, fairly well. You know, I've played the stock market pretty heavy lately. Well, I lost, and I'm deep in debt. Could you lend me a couple of hundred bucks?"

Billy hesitated a minute, then said, "I'm afraid I can't, Fred; my wife is ill and the bills are flocking in rather heavy."

"Well, much obliged all the same," sighed Fred. "S'long."

Midnight. The dark figure of a man slipped across the road and into the shadows of some trees. Straight in front of him was a mansion, the home of James Piedmont, the bank president. The figure slipped up to the side of the mansion but darted behind some shrubs as the headlights of a car flashed by. He rose slowly, then after looking warily about, prepared to open a window. A minute later he was crawling through the open window into a spacious room, richly furnished. A flashlight played around the walls of the room, taking in every detail in its rays. Suddenly the

glare stopped and set itself on a small piece of drapery that hung upon the wall. The next instant hands had seized the drapery and torn it from the wall. A small round cylinder came into view. Deft fingers twirled the small dial. Suddenly there was a click and the small door swung open. Eager hands reached inside and clutched at crisp papers. A rather fat stack of currency met the burglar's eyes, who immediately thrust it inside his shirt. His hands reached for the safe once more, when suddenly there sounded a click. The room was flooded with light and the figure of a man stood in the doorway with a revolver. Piedmont himself! "Put 'em up!" he snarled, "and damn quick!"

"And get jailed!" came from the burglar. "Like hell I will!" His hand leaped to his rear pocket. Piedmont fired, missed; then the burglar's automatic came into play. Crack! Crack! Two jets of flame spurted from his gun. Piedmont uttered a groan, clapped his hand to his throat, and with a queer gurgling sound, fell face downward. A red stain slowly grew on the rug under the slain man. The burglar's gaze happened to rise a trifle. On the wall was a beautifully painted sign, "Thou Shalt Not Kill." Slowly his gaze wandered back to the still form on the floor. His eyes widened. Suddenly the horror of the thing burst upon him like a cyclone in all its fury, leaving destruction in its wake. His hand grasped his throat, whence came a stifled sob; then he turned swiftly and dashed madly out of the open window into the crisp, cool air. The night was very still, the lights of the town shone in the distance. He walked three blocks to where he had left his car, got in it and drove swiftly to his apartment at the Blakemore Hotel. He went up the back steps, just as he had gone to escape from being seen coming in at that hour. A restless night passed, leaving him weak, trembling. The next day at lunch he had somewhat gotten control of himself, although he was still a little nervous.

He had just finished his meal when all of a sudden several large factory whistles began blowing. As it was 2 o'clock, the whistles surprised him, as they did several

thousand other people. More whistles began blowing, locomotives joined in with their whistles and bells, cars started honking. Suddenly a small newsboy came dashing in. "Paper! Paper! Extra! America enters the war! War declared! Extra!" A man whose haggard eyes shone fiercely bought a paper and scanned its contents. He hardly noticed the war news; a column concerning the death of a bank president claimed his attention. He noticed with a fierce exultation that the paper said the police were baffled, that they had not the slightest clue. Then he appeared to notice that the United States had entered the war. A faint and mocking smile crossed his features. "Why not?" It would help kill the memories of the past.

"I want to join the aviation corps," a young man announced as he was led before an officer a few days later.

"Your name?"

"Frederick von Steiner."

The officer looked up keenly for a minute, then went on.

"Your age?"

"Twenty-seven."

After numerous other questions he was led off to take a physical examination. He was found satisfactory. A month later he was at an aviation training camp in New Jersey being taught by veteran French flyers. Two months after that he was assigned to a squadron at B———. He liked his commander, a grizzled old Major who joked and fought along with his men. When Frederick first came to the squadron he was not very popular on account of his name, although he was a very agreeable fellow; but after he had brought down three enemy planes and one balloon, and had risked his life to save the Major, they began to have respect and admiration for him, and he became very popular. He was very happy, no thought about the slain bank president and the stolen bank money now entered his mind.

One day he wandered into a small French mission that was bare with the exception of several signs on the walls and a crucifix at the far end of the small room. He looked

about him with a smile which gradually faded as he read one of the signs, "Thou Shalt Not Kill." His gaze unconsciously shifted to the floor below the sign. Whether from imagination or not, he saw several dark stains smeared on the mission floor. His eyes widened and with a stifled cry of agony and remembrance he dashed from the mission into the open air. Nor did he stop until he had reached his squadron, where he went straight to his quarters. That night he did not sit around with his buddies, but lay in his bunk and stared at the ceiling with unseeing eyes. The next morning his fellow pilots noticed a change in him. He went around with his eyes on the ground and hardly noticed their cheery good mornings. He got permission from his commander to do a little scouting work and had a spad rolled out of the hangar. Five minutes later he was winging his way towards the German lines with a heavy heart. It didn't matter to him whether he got back or not. He looked down; the trenches were below him. He could make out tiny figures crossing the space between the two trenches. The doughboys were attacking; some went down, but others went on. He admired those brave men that faced gas, steel and lead until they went down.

He was gradually leaving the front lines now and getting deeper into enemy territory. For five minutes he flew straight into Hunland, but without a trace of an enemy plane. He had given up hope of finding one when out of the clouds dashed an Albatross straight at him, its guns spouting steel. He banked sharply to the right and zoomed upward. He noticed several holes in the fabric of his wing and smiled grimly, "Close!" As he caught sight of the enemy plane again he saw painted on its fuselage an imperial eagle with a skull in one claw and a sword in the other. Fred's brow wrinkled. He had seen that emblem before. He was awakened from thought by steel-jacketed bullets smashing his instrument board. He whistled, "Close, that time; I'd better watch out. That's a veteran fighter." He quickly swung in on the tail of the Hun and followed him closely, firing at every chance. Suddenly

Fred's motor coughed and sputtered. He frantically jazzed the throttle. It coughed again and then with a few final sputters it died. He swung off the Hun's tail and went into a long dive, but it was hardly any time before the Hun was on his tail, firing madly. Holes appeared in his wings and fuselage as if by magic. A strut snapped; more bullets against his instrument board. Rat-ta-tat-tat-tat! He could hear the spiteful sound of the enemy machine gun above the screaming of the struts on his spad. "God!" The exclamation was wrung suddenly from his lips as something red hot stabbed his back and came out of his breast. His breathing became harder. A film collected before his eyes. His plane slowly started into a spin. Another red hot pain stabbed him in the shoulder. The pain was intense. The world was going black—other pains. He was whirling round and sound. "Thou Shalt Not Kill." "Ha, ha"—he remembered that emblem, "Imperial eagle. Good old K—."

Back at an American aviation squadron near the front lines a Major was addressing his command, "Men, a note from a German plane flying low over our field today informed me of a tragedy, although our beloved buddy, Frederick von Steiner probably was unaware of this, as was the other participant. Lieutenant von Steiner was shot down by his own brother, Captain Karl von Steiner. May God have mercy on his soul."

FRANK PENICK, '31.

1

The Canebrake



ALL the hot summer day not a wagon passed the canebrake. The road, glaring and white in the blazing sun, sent up waves of heat from its gravel, and in the ditches the ragged and dusty blooms of elderflower wilted. A small muddy stream flowed not far from the road, and on one of its banks was the thick growth of tall green cane. All day there were no sounds save the intermittent cries of birds and the dull swirling of the creek as its waters rounded the bend below the brake. Late in the afternoon, though, the wind arose and a faint rustling came from the cane.

At sundown hoofbeats could be heard down the road and at length a horseman appeared. He was a great dark man with a black beard and with a silver star pinned on his vest. He was talking to himself.

"That nigger's somewhere 'tween here 'n' Gilead down the valley. He stole that horse an' it's more'n likely he'd strike out this way. . . . I'm sure 'twas him that did the stealing, an' as sure as my name's Martin Sledge I'm goin' to get that scoundrel if he's in East Tennessee, and I mean to get him 'fore daylight come again."

He rode on down the slippery banks and forded the stream and disappeared in the shadows of the sycamores on the opposite side. For a while the sound of his progress was borne back along the road, then it faded and was lost in the dark hills.

With the coming of evening the canebrake seemed to come alive. The topmost branches of tall trees began swaying, two or three thrushes called clearly, a small creature splashed somewhere in the shallows. Twilight lasted long, but darkness deepened each minute until there was no light left in the west, while a full moon had come up over the eastern hills. In the soft shining the canebrake looked like a field of silver spears.

After a while cane crackled underfoot somewhere and

a giant negro appeared at the edge of the road. His huge frame was hung with white rags; his skin was blue-black in the pale light. He was looking about him as if deciding which way he should go when someone's approach was signaled by the sound of a horse coming at a quick pace. He slunk in the shadow of a tree trunk.


In a few minutes Sledge came across the creek and up the road. The negro stared at him from his shelter as if fascinated—there was the sheriff and he was after *him*. The negro's eyes were full of anguish and hatred. He bent down, his foot slipped and he half fell. Sledge turned in time to see a black man rush into the canebrake.

He jumped from his horse, drew his pistol and plunged among the cane. A little distance away the slender stalks were waving and crashing, the line of the negro's flight was hewn on the field. Suddenly the motion stopped with a thud. Sledge scrambled over the rough path and came upon the negro fallen in watery ground, pawing the cane-roots to get support. He whipped his gun into the tortured black face, crying in a voice that was clipped and metallic, "There you are, you black scoundrel! Now, you black rat! you damned thief!" His breath came short. "Now, you black, you black, you—now, now I've got you! Lie there! You—!" His face was red and fixed in a fierce grin. The negro flung himself against Sledge's legs. There was a pink flame from the pistol and a wild shot as the black figure stood up roaring. A bright blade flashed above his head. It flew to Sledge's chest. There was a gurgling sound.

The negro turned and fled through the cane. Soon everything was still—the trees swayed fitfully, the creek splashed softly over the rocks and small rapids. A horse waited in the lane. The canebrake rustled in a light wind and was silvery in the moonlight.

JESS PHILLIPS, '30.

The Call of the Quail

PRING is almost here. Soon the grass will wake from its long sleep, the trees will begin to grow their new clothes, and the good old sun will beam down upon us once more. Then it is that we hear the cheery whistle of that inveterate optimist, Bob White, ringing out from our fields and meadows. It is a happy, care-free call with something that precludes the possibility of its being perfectly imitated.

To hear his loud, clear whistle one would think that Bob White had no care in the world, but even as he perches on the top of a rail fence singing a love song to his little brown mate, who sits upon her precious eggs in a field near by in obedience to the age-old urge that her kind shall not perish from the earth, danger is near.

More than any game bird on earth, he has natural enemies, including various forms of hawks and owls, and also minks, foxes, weasels, crows and snakes, and now the animal that constitutes perhaps the greatest menace to wild life in this country today was stalking him—a half-wild house cat. The cat is sneaking closer, taking advantage of every wisp of cover, noting each trace of alertness in the bird's mind and profiting by it.

Bob White does not seem aware of danger, but there is about him an innate alertness that does not bode well for the chances of the cat. But still the hunter glides nearer, his yellow green eyes glowing with the lust of the killer. Suddenly the bird stiffens; he senses danger. As yet he has seen nothing, but that sixth sense of the wild creature tells him that all is not well. Carefully he gazes about him, but he does not discern the still form of the stalker hiding in the weeds. Gradually his pose relaxes and once more he gives voice to his call. The killer creeps closer, then, gathering his legs beneath him, prepares to spring. But just when an instant's more delay would be fatal, Bob White's eye catches a flicker of motion. In a flash he is

gone, leaving behind a much disappointed cat clutching the top of a rail where, but a moment before, a fat quail had sat. The cat glares about him for a moment, then, with an angry snarl, he slinks back into the weeds to seek easier prey.

Bob White's flight carried him to another old rail fence just across the field where he sat very quietly for a few moments as if thinking of his narrow escape. Presently, however, his natural buoyancy of spirit took possession of him once more and, throwing back his head and throwing out his chest, he again gave voice to his cheery whistle. From the field came the answering whistle of his little mate, and Bob White went meekly over to sit upon their eggs while she foraged for some food.

GAFFORD RABY, '31.

To ———

Laughing eyes and whirling feet
In perfect harmony,
Teasing lips and smile so sweet
Blended temptingly.

Intrigue me not, O fair coquette,
Lest I should long for thee;
I fear in time you may forget
To care as much for me.

'Tis true, mere words can ne'er express
Our thoughts unerringly
But words may hold a sweet caress
For those who can but see.

O lovely lass, would'st steal my heart
And leave me O so lonely?
Some day, I hope we'll never part
Because I love you only.

MARVIN HUGHES, '30.

Friendship

IT was on the troop ship bound for France that Larry Hall and Jack Burke first met. Neither was over twenty, and since all the rest were older, they had been attracted to each other because of their youth. Larry was tall and dark, always quiet and reserved, and presented a striking contrast to Burke, who was a blond, broad-shouldered boy of medium height. His laughing face and his boyishness made him popular with his fellows.

Jack liked Larry for his quietness, consequently they struck up a friendship which was to prove lasting. When the boat docked they stuck together and were put into the same company. They had been in camp only a month before they were sent to the front. Larry and Jack, together with the rest of the men, were piled into flat cars, and the little French engine started off. After a ten-hour ride, they were taken off the train and marched on foot to the trenches.

It seemed as if the Germans were trying to shoot up all their ammunition as quickly as they could, for shells were dropping like hailstones when Larry and Jack were put in a squad to go on a patrol. The two pals with six others crawled out over the top of the trench. The men were to go up and down their lines and see that no German wire-cutting party came over. They had been out for about an hour when the corporal in charge started back. The ground was pitted with shell holes and, in trying to go around them, the men lost their sense of direction and started toward the German trenches. They crawled to the wire in front of the trench before they discovered their mistake and, as they turned to retrace their steps, met a German patrol returning.

There was nothing to do but fight, and the Germans were twelve to eight. The Americans, after emptying their pistols at them, stood up and ran for their line amidst a hail of steel.

Out of the eight who started on the patrol only four returned, and as they slid down into the trench, Jack looked around for Larry. He was not there. With a cry Burke turned and clambered over the parapet and started back to the scene of their recent encounter. Bodies were strewn all along the way, and Jack looked at the face of each as he passed. He could plainly see each one, for flares were going up continuously, making it almost as bright as day.

The faces of some of the bodies were shot off or blown off, but after a little search Jack was convinced that none of these was Larry. As he neared the scene of the fight he slid down into a shell hole to escape for a moment the hail of steel. As he sat there he heard a faint moan beside him. He looked at the man's face by the light of a flare. It was Larry. With a glad shout he picked him up and stumbled up out of the hole and once more started towards his lines, indifferent to the living sheet of death that shrieked around him. Just as Jack got to the edge of his trench a piece of shrapnel struck him and he fell forward into the arms of the soldiers.

When Larry awoke he was in a hospital with a bullet hole in his side, and as he turned his head he saw the same old boyish Jack grinning at him from the next cot.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Larry.

"I've got a hole in my leg," explained Jack, and then he told his friend all that had happened.

"Thanks, old top, I'll never forget it," Larry choked.

The war ended while they were still in the hospital and three weeks later they were discharged and started for the United States.

When they arrived in New York, Jack asked Larry what he intended to do.

"I don't know," said Larry, "I guess I'll get me a job."

"Say, Larry, let's go out West and get a job on a dude ranch and be cowboys," cried Jack, excitedly. "That will be fun."

"That ain't a bad idea," said Larry, dubiously, "but what do we know about horses and such?"

"Oh, that's all right. We can learn," stated Jack with all the carefreeness of youth.

So it was decided, and hitch-hiking their way, they arrived at the ranch of a rich Westerner who was just opening up.

They were both handsome and likable boys, and the rancher readily hired them, as he had not quite enough men.

It was about three years after Larry and Jack had first started to work on the ranch that Margaret Bailey, with some more friends, came to the dude ranch to spend her vacation. By now the friends had become familiar with the art of riding and all the essentials of being good cowboys. Both had seen many pretty girls come to the ranch, but had never paid any attention to them. But now, when they saw Margaret, they both fell head over heels in love with her.

She was a pretty little blonde girl and liked both Larry and Jack from the first. She went on long horseback rides with first one and then the other.

Larry saw plainly how Jack loved Margaret, and one night as he was sitting out by the corral he saw in his mind a wounded man lying in a shell hole on the battlefields of France, and he saw Jack climb out of the trench into certain death and plunge toward him to where he lay. As this vision passed across Larry's mind he knew what he was going to do. He went slowly to the bunkhouse, packed what little stuff he had and went and saddled his horse which he had bought from the rancher out of his first wages.

Three more years had passed since Larry had parted from Jack. He was riding along a mountain trail in Colorado. In all those three years he had been wandering from place to place, working whenever he needed money and never stopping for more than three months. As he rode along the path, whistling softly, he saw another rider approaching him. As Larry looked at the horseman riding

towards him he thought he seemed familiar. He could scarcely believe his eyes, it was Jack!

As Jack came towards Larry, he looked up suddenly and saw him, and spurred forward with a glad shout.

"Well, well, where did you come from?" asked Larry after they had shaken hands. "Where's Margaret?"

"What do you mean?" asked Jack, wonderingly.

"Why, didn't you marry her after I left?"

"Gosh, no! I've been gone from the ranch for three years. I thought that you married Margaret. I must have left the same night you did."

FRANCIS WASHINGTON, '32.

Free



SOFTLY he raised his gleaming oar, halted it in mid stroke to listen intently before dipping it again into the lazily-moving stream. A rueful smile played about his thin lips as he listened to the gurgling closing of the little swirling hollows caused by the sweep of his blade. Not a sound came to him except the rustling of leaves in the jungle as the balmy south winds sighed through the foliage. At irregular intervals a splash could be heard as some bathing denizen of the jungle pulled himself from the stream, shook himself and glided into the deep wood—home. Then a scraping sound as some scaly amphibian slid its giant body beneath the placid depths to some watery cave somewhere under those banks—home, to stay among its lumbering kind, its own kind. Then there was a whiz as some pinioned inhabitant, curious at his intrusion, dropped from its lofty watch to dart indiscriminately close and glide off in the distance, its shadowy form dimly silhouetted against the moon-silvered surface.

The big man in the boat silently listened and watched these nocturnal creatures that live by their alertness. Such freedom—freedom; but didn't they earn their freedom; well,

he'd earn his, too; no one was going to take it from him. Let 'em try it. The thought made him vicious and he plied the oar deep, fairly shooting the boat ahead, the stout oar dangerously bent. Yes, let's see 'em do it. He gloried in the pride of his strength. Two years of hard labor behind those gray walls had not tended to soften those ropes of steel.

For two years he had thought it over, had planned and weighed the two angles—get vengeance or go straight. Here was the jungle with its peace; and he was going to be a part of it. Then around the bend and he began to notice the tints of dawn, and the ever-changing vista. On and on he glided, making his own panorama physically and psychically.

He turned sharply to avoid a spill, for immediately ahead he had suddenly perceived the bobbing end of a giant trunk of some former lord of the forest. It had lived in the jungle, done its bit, fallen by some chance, maybe from wind, maybe from age. The jungle was irrespective but fair; everything got an even break. He watched it. Or it would be borne on the mighty tide to the sea or lodge perhaps on some island to be restored to earth and claimed again by the jungle. So would he. Where would he lodge? Lodge? He'd lodge probably in the bottom of his boat. Yes, it would be his lodge for a while, anyway. But some day he'd do better. He was starting over anew where people didn't know his past. He'd show the world. He was strong, active, alert, suited for the jungle and its ways. He was beginning to love it. He was its own; he'd make it his home.

He felt his great strength, dipped the oar deep, pulled with his rugged shoulders, and the craft shot stoutly forward to slow up again and drift with the stream.

FLOYD HAYES, '30.

Full Moon

Up over the dark hills came a full moon,
Over the hills brushed with shadows and dew,
A yellow moon that filled wide fields with light
So soft the stones and flowers were alike,
Pale and indistinct among the wet grass;
A moon that made the road seem gleaming white,
That turned all of the leaves to dull silver,
And filled all of the sky with a blue glow.
And all the grass was deep and soaked and sweet,
Each blade was edged with moonlight; and the wind
Was stirring only high tree tops; and then
There was a bird singing in a thicket
Of little pear trees that grew near the road
And whitened the bare ground with their blossoms.

JESS PHILLIPS, '30.



THE MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

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THOMAS SNEED	Local Editor
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TILDEN PROCTER	Exchange Editor
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The newly formed Ladies' Auxiliary Club of M. B. A. recently held a card party at the Noel Hotel. This was the serious launching of a drive that was originally planned and devised by the mothers of the present student-body.

Realizing the many needs that are accumulating on the campus and the school's being without sufficient funds to remedy them, the club was organized with the intention that it should administer to these needs as much as possible. Much progress has been made in the short time the club has been in existence. The members have shown an instantaneous interest and have already made a noble effort

in the card party mentioned above, which grouped the members in a pleasantly social manner, besides producing financial results.

The club can do an unlimited amount of good for the school. There are a number of problems confronting us that the club hopes to solve. The campus is one of the most important jobs to be attended to, the library to be more completely arranged, and a number of arrangements to be made besides that can be attributed only to the feminine minds that see fit to do many things we would never notice or dream of doing.

The expressed feeling of the student body heartily welcomes the club with its good will and offered co-operation.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, an invitation is hereby extended to the mothers of M. B. A.'s alumni to become either actively or passively members. Also the wives of any of the alumni are cordially invited to join the club.

FRED LUCAS, '31.

"Work is hard," some one said. Maybe it is, and then again maybe it is not. Some smart fellow said that work is the only recreation the American people ever get. The more I think about this the more I think it is true. Play, fun and good times are all right in their way, but their place is second instead of first, as some at M. B. A. seem to think them. Some of the boys out here, as I suppose elsewhere, make a joke of life, and real work would make them sick; or if they were sick, the change would make them well. Undoubtedly work is essential to a good school and to the making of any person. If anyone has ever done some honest to goodness work he will admit it has done him a lot of good, and he got a lot of enjoyment out of it. Some real work is what this school needs, so why can't it have it. The boys show spirit in supporting the athletics, so why can't they show some in supporting studies. Work never hurt anyone and it has helped numberless. So why can't we settle down and make some real grades? Are

you willing? Well, if so, let us get down to real work to prove it.

TOM SNEED, '30.

A school is only what its student body makes it. Few boys realize that the school is not a modern machine, but a time-tested instrument, and they never stop to think what they owe their school in other ways than money. The boys that take a leading part in the school life have a great effect upon the characteristics of the school.

Now let us stop and think. Perhaps we are not the leading students in the school, but we can help in some way to better conditions. There are great numbers of ways in which we can better the departments and the feeling toward the school.

In the fire in 1925 all of the pictures of the boys dating as far back as 1882 were burned, and have never been replaced. This has left an emptiness in the life of the student of today; he does not hold in esteem the school as the boys who had this pictured background continually before them.

To replace this set of pictures completely, if possible, should become an object of serious attention at once on the part of the school. This is indeed a most admirable way to help the morale of the school. The alumni and boys can do it and should do it.

When these pictures are collected and hung in the new honor-room it will give the school a much deeper tone as well as add an inspiration for its students.

ISAAC BALL, III, '30.

Have you ever tried to discover the reason or reasons for failure on exams? It is not unnatural to fail on a subject now and then, but when it does happen, find the cause. Don't just say, "Aw, my teacher didn't like me," and let it go at that. Look around and find the truth.

Most failures are due to the lack of studying during the past term, yet four out of five students who fail find something else on which they place the blame. When you do

this you are not doing yourself justice, for in time you will believe it yourself, and thereby fall into the same error you were in during the preceding term. Whatever you do, don't stay in the same rut always. If you find that it is lack of study, make use of your school books more during the coming term. No matter what the cause is, try to correct it. Then, even if you fail, you will have a clear conscience, for you will be able to say to anyone that you did your best. You are not required to be a bookworm in order to pass an exam.

Sometimes there are reasons other than lack of study that cause failures. Some of these are the loss of books, the lack of an ability to learn, and a large number of absences during the preceding term. These causes are unavoidable, nevertheless they cause failure on exams.

Whatever the cause is, don't be discouraged. Buck up and show your fighting spirit. If someone else can pass, you can.

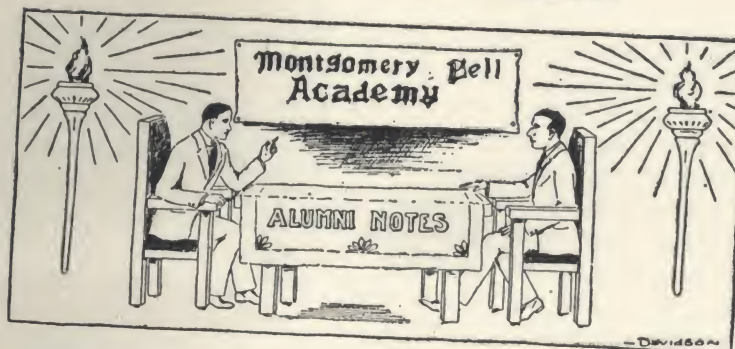


G. Allan Dunning's

Prinsonians

6-3955

Dance Music and How!



John A. Fisher, '14, is in the service of the Standard Oil Co. in South America, with headquarters at Port Spain. His work as auditor of Standard Oil stations causes him to travel very widely in the Southern continent.

Edwin R. Frost, '26, is a member of the senior class at Dartmouth this year. Both last year and this he has earned the classification of "Men of Distinctive Scholastic Achievement."

Kennedy Jones, '25, a member of the senior class at Notre Dame, has made there an excellent record in scholarship.

Moultrie Ball, '27, a junior at Sewanee, has recently been elected to the Scholarship Society of the University. He has also been elected president of the Sigma Epsilon Literary Society.

Baxter Moore, '25, in his senior year at the University of Cincinnati, has not failed to maintain during his stay there the exceptionally high grades which he recorded at Montgomery Bell Academy. He is following a course in engineering.

Kirby Jackson, '14, for some years a member of the faculty in the Engineering School at the

University of Washington, is now holding a professorship in the University of the Pacific at Stockton, California.

Armstrong Matthews, '20, last summer promoted to the position of superintendent of mines for the Consolidation Coal Company in the New River Division of the Pocahontas coal fields of West Virginia, has during March been advanced to a similar control of the Fairmont Division, one of the largest and busiest of the company's properties. He graduated from the School of Mines at Lehigh in 1924.

A recent connection of Tom Sims, '18, is with the editorial staff of "Life," of which he has become a member. He also keeps up his independent literary work.

For individual scoring honors at Sewanee this basketball season Goodman, '28, had a total of one hundred and forty-eight points to his credit, being headed only by Dawson, who scored one hundred and ninety-seven for his team. Jack Morton, '29, led the scoring honors for the frosh with one hundred and eighty-seven points, the next man being seventy points behind this mark.

Patton, '28, star heavyweight boxer of Sewanee, recently lost

a close decision in the fourth round to Proctor of Florida. This marks Sewanee's first appearance at the S. I. C. meet held at the University of Virginia.

* * *

The marriage of E. Glenn Fite, '27, and Miss Henrietta Estes is announced for March 30.

* * *

After the basketball and boxing season Patton, '28, and Goodman, '28, intend to don their spiked shoes and add their prowess to the track team. Patton is a weight man and Goodman

is a quarter-miler. Morton, '29, is out for the frosh team. Morton heaves the discus and at present looks very promising from reports in Sewanee periodicals.

* * *

J. C. Bradford, '09, president of the financial organization, J. C. Bradford & Co., has recently made public the fact that his firm has purchased a seat in the New York Stock Exchange. This is the first time a Nashville firm has ever become a regular member of the Exchange. The consideration, it was reported, was over \$500,000.

EXCHANGES

Since the issue of our last Bulletin we have received almost all of the exchanges due us. However, there are still some that we trust must have been delayed—namely, the San Rafael publication and the Castle Heights paper. We are confident that these will eventually reach us. Your exchange editors were evidently hard pressed, or for some other worthy reason have not been in a position to exchange lately. However, we still have hopes of receiving them soon.

* * *

The Academy Spectator, Lake Forrest, Ill. Before beginning the more serious matter of criticism, let us say that we appreciate your kind letter in regard to our paper. As a newspaper you have the best that we have yet received; and let us be one of the first to congratulate you on your diversification of material. Yours is the first paper we have received that does not devote at least one-third of its space to athletics. For this we commend you.

Traffic Officer: "Hey! Whatza idea? Didn't you hear me whistle to stop?"

Pretty Girl: "Certainly, and if you try it again I'll report you."

—Exchange.

* * *

The Echo, Hume-Fogg High School. Upon picking up the Echo we are immediately impressed with its cover design and its apparent neatness. The variety of cuts and the excellent arrangements of literary material is also commendable. Your first poem, "Bitter Sweet," appears to be a fine, well-constructed piece, especially so after reading "Firenze." Outside of impressing upon the readers that the author is well acquainted with musical terms, we can find no reason for the publication of this latter. "Rollo and the Spirit of Valentine," as well as the remainder of your stories, were interesting. Your poems, with the exception of "Peace on Earth," were deserving. We think this poem is too long for the average high school paper.

A poem of this length takes out some of the snap that such papers should contain. The naturally dry dramatic department is made interesting by the author's efforts, and the athletic department is not to be left without praise. However, we wonder how old your "Chips" are? Although your paper is not exceptional, it is undoubtedly deserving of praise.

* * *

The Exchange Department is pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the following:

The Maroon and White, Chattanooga High School, Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Hi-Times, Central City High School, Central City, Ky.

The Sewanee Purple, Sewanee University, Sewanee, Tenn.

The Vanderbilt Alumnus, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

The Cue, Albany Military Academy, Albany, N. Y.

The Crimson, Dupont Manual Training School, Louisville, Ky.

The Right Angle, Rochester Technical High School, Rochester, N. Y.

The Purple and White, Branhams and Hughes Military Academy, Spring Hill, Tenn.

The Emory Wheel, Emory University, Atlanta, Ga.

The Gower News, Gower School.

The Academy Spectator, Lake Forrest Military Academy, Lake Forrest, Ill.

The Wallace World, Wallace University School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Tornado, McCallie School, Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Echo, Hume-Fogg High School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Echo, Decatur Junior High School, Decatur, Ga.

* * *

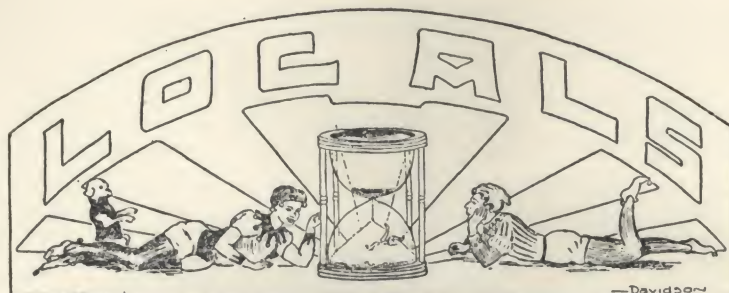
It happened that two men bearing the same name, one a clergyman and the other a business man, both lived in the same city. The clergyman died, and about the same time his neighbor went to southern California. When the business man arrived there, he wired his wife of his safe arrival, but unfortunately it was delivered to the widow of the late preacher. What was the surprise of the good woman to read: "Arrived safely; heat terrific."—Exchange.

EVERYTHING YOUNG MEN WEAR

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There have been many pleasant surprises in changes going on in and around the school lately. In the last few weeks our library and our honor room have been changed from four walls and a ceiling to beautifully furnished rooms, and the grounds from decidedly rough to very picturesque appearance. The student body is very grateful for what has happened. The Woman's Auxiliary and the alumni of the Sigma Phi Omega fraternity are the ones whom we wish to thank, and to them we render our sincere appreciation.

* * *

The second term has reached its finish, and we have a good start on the third and final term. This tells the tale. To some it is going to be destruction and to some it is going to be honor, but to all it is going to count something. Mrs. Ball put the only answer to the situation on her board, and it reads thus: "Remember, exams. start June 3rd. It is not too late to catch

up with your work, so make every minute between now and then count." This is good advice, and we hope every one will heed it and make the most of it.

* * *

Bud: "I hear Shirley has a new Ford."

Tom: "Yes, it makes a pretty little bird cage."

* * *

The Hi-Y Club of M. B. A. has made a fine start. They have begun a great number of improvements on the grounds and have made good headway. The Hi-Y basketball team that the club entered in the Hi-Y tournament came through with a clean record and won the city championship. These boys have set a record in the tournament which we hope the whole club will live up to.

* * *

Bransford: "Professor, you added wrong on my exams here."

Prof.: "Where's that?"

Bransford: "See here, twenty-two and nine are forty-three."

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Dentist (after running through his opponent): "Tough luck this; better luck next time."

* * *

Wanted—To know why Jack Wheeler has just started wearing sweat socks.

* * *

Noticed on a street car read: "Among the hundreds of movie stars who use Lux soap are Corinne Griffith, Clara Bow and (in pencil) George Smith."

* * *

Meek: "Why did you shave just the right side of your face?"

Dixon: "I am going to a dance tonight."

* * *

Luncheon Tragedy

Raby: "Lend me a penny."

First Victim: "All right. Here you are."

Raby: "Lend me a penny."

Second Victim: "All right. Here you are."

Raby: "Lend me a penny."

Third Victim: "All right. Here you are."

Raby: "Fine! Now for some food. One sweet roll, please."

Burge: "Sorry. Sold out."

* * *

Jones: "Do you know why so many Scotchmen come to America?"

Moody: "No. Why?"

Jones: "They heard that it was a free country."

* * *

Bill: "Why is Blankenship so fat?"

Bransford: "So he can get his money's worth on the penny scales."

* * *

Hughes: "Why is Yates in the hospital?"

Kranz: "He tried to get more than his penny's worth on a shocking machine."

* * *

Lucas: "What are you trying to do with that sock, Sisk?"

Sisk: "Trying to find the right hole to put my foot in."

Prof. Rutledge: "Ball, you didn't study last night."

Ball: "Yes, I did."

Prof.: "You didn't study the lesson. What did you study?"

Ball: "I studied what I already knew."

* * *

My Idea of Heaven

When I die and go to heaven I want St. Peter to meet me at the golden gates in a black Packard roadster. Then I want him to carry me up a big wide road to a mansion trimmed in gold. Two pretty girls will meet me at the door and show me through my pretty home. In this home I will have a gymnasium, a swimming pool, and a picture show. I will have twenty servants and they all will be beautiful girls. Not far from my home will be a city with big wide streets. There will be no speed law in this city, and I can go as fast as I wish without being bothered by a Tennessee state cop. I will go into all the stores and buy all the suits and clothes I want without having to pay for them. Every night I will have a date, and I can stay out as late as I wish. Besides my Packard, I will have twelve more powerful cars that will make over one hundred miles an hour. All the roads will be paved, and they will have no curves. Then some day, when I am out riding in one of my powerful cars, I want Harry Walters to be driving on the same road in his yellow roadster. When he tries to race me, I will leave him a mile behind, and then he cannot say that he has never seen a car that can outrun him when he is in his.

—George Smith, '32.

* * *

Mrs. Ball: "What hit you in the head, Mr. Rutledge?"

Prof. Rutledge: "An idea struck me."

Mrs. Ball: "Well, that's odd."

Sweet Young Thing: "Mr. Rutledge, what do you teach out at M. B. A.?"

Prof. Rutledge: "Boys."

* * *

Bransford (in lunch room): "Downtown I can get an oyster fry for two bits."

McKelvey: "That's nothing; you can get a whole chicken dinner for a nickel right here."

* * *

Mrs. Ball: "Boys, I want you all to help me to get the Auxiliary Board to function."

McKelvey: "I sure am glad I'm not a freshman."

* * *

The Gym Tournament of 1930

The 1930 gym tournament was the most successful ever staged at M. B. A. It was marked by many close games, due to the foresight of Director "Chile" Hardin in picking the teams. Every game was a battle between two evenly matched teams.

This tournament was installed last year to attempt to create an interest in gym work and to teach sportsmanship to all the boys in school. In our opinion it has been a great success, and we all want to give our thanks to Mrs. Ball, the donor of the prize—a silver loving cup. "Ras" Bullard also accounted for a part of its success. His officiating was above reproach and did much toward making the tourney a good one.

The cup now has two names on it—"The Wildcats" and "The Mustangs," and there is room for a great many more, so let's go!

* * *

Wanted—To know why Prof. Rutledge insisted on taking Kennedy's sonnet on "Love."

A father received a telegram collect:

"Dear Dad: If I had a two-cent stamp, I'd write. Your son."

* * *

Chemistry Prof.: "What do you get when you burn sulphur?"

Allen: "Smoke."

* * *

The burning of the leaves and brush has served the smokers' club doubly. It has given a nice little fire and a constant decoy for profs.

* * *

Jackson: "Blanky, did you get your Latin?"

Blanky: "No, the Latin got me."

* * *

Professor: "Hatfield, you answered that question right. Have you a book open?"

Hatfield: "Yes, sir."

* * *

Filling Station Clerk: "How're you today, professor?"

Professor: "Oh, about half full."

* * *

The time has come around to get interested in the T. I. A. A. declamation contest to be held in Chattanooga this year. This should really have the interest of every one in the school, for it is one of the most useful things that we can be interested in. Those that are good speakers should practice and do their best, for it would really be an honor to make a good show in the contest. The whole school should get behind the speakers and give them its whole-hearted support, and the speakers should get down to work and go at their declamations with their whole-hearted interest.

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BASKETBALL

Coach Chile Hardin deserves great credit for developing the basketball team that represented the school this year. Before exams we had one of the best teams, on paper, that had been here in years. Two regulars of last year's team were lost by examinations and a few good men that would have developed into fine material were lost. Capt. Billy Hardin was lost for two weeks during the season and this also hurt. Misfortune seemed to follow the team all the year. It was defeated in the T. I. A. A. tournament by Memphis Tech Hi. Chile was an untiring worker and a good coach. Hats off to Chile.

M. B. A., 19; Castle Heights, 18

M. B. A. defeated Castle Heights in one of the best games played here this year by the score 19 to 18. The game was fast and hard fought throughout, and at no time during the game was either team able to slow up. The lead changed hands many times during the game, but it was always a small margin. Razz Bullard played a good game for M. B. A., and his passing and floor work were excellent, while Fred Lucas at back guard broke up many passes and fought hard throughout the game.

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Airial and Dean were the stars for Heights. Dean broke up many of M. B. A.'s passes and hawked the ball all during the game.

M. B. A.—Elam, F.; Burge, F.; Bullard, C.; Sneed, G.; Lucas, G.

Castle Heights—Ward, F.; Blakeley, F.; Aerial, C.; Dean, G.; Kennedy, G.

M. B. A., 24; Castle Heights, 38

Montgomery Bell was defeated in their second meeting with Castle Heights by the score of 38 to 24. This was a much better game than the score shows and was very close until the final minutes of the game. Castle Heights scored first, and at the end of the first quarter they were holding a five-point lead. During the second period M. B. A. began working, and at the halfway mark were leading 20 to 17. Heights came back for the second half and collected a lead that they held until the finish.

Blakeley was the high point man of the game, scoring 16 points, while Kennedy played a good floor game for Heights.

Bullard and Sneed were the stars for M. B. A.

M. B. A.—Bullard, F.; Burge, F.; Lucas, C.; Elam, G.; Sneed, G.

Castle Heights—Harrison, F.; Dean, F.; Kennedy, C.; Blakeley, G.; Ward, G.

M. B. A. 40; C. M. A. 22

Montgomery Bell defeated C. M. A. from Columbia, Tenn., 40 to 22. M. B. A. showed some of the best floor work they had displayed this year, and from the beginning until the final whistle they were in the lead. Elam and Burge were working the ball down the floor and feeding it to Razz Bullard, who made shot after shot count for two points. Bullard was the outstanding player of the game, scoring 20 points to capture scoring honors and his floor work and passing was excellent. Tom Sneed was next in line for M. B. A., scoring nine points and flashing some good floor work.

M. B. A., 47; B. H. M. A., 26

Montgomery Bell defeated Branham and Hughes Military Academy by one of the largest scores they have rolled up this year. M. B. A. scored first, and from then on were always in front. Bullard and Elam were deadlocked for high scoring laurels with 14 points each, while Captain Hardin was next in line with 13 points. Montgomery Bell was working the ball under the basket for crisp shots and most of their points were collected from under the basket.

Ayers, star forward for Branham and Hughes, did most of the scoring for his team; his passing also was very good.

M. B. A.—Elam, F.; Bullard, F.; Hardin, C.; Sneed, G.; Lucas, G.

B. H. M. A.—Ayers, F.; Watkins, F.; Powell, C.; Devereux, G.; Orman, G.

M. B. A., 29; St. Andrews, 30

M. B. A. journeyed to the mountains for a two-game stay, the first encounter being with St. Andrews. They found the going rough in this first game on the mountains, losing to St. Andrews 36 to 29. The teams seemed to be fairly matched until the last quarter, when St. Andrews piled up a six-point lead that we were unable to overcome.

Elam and Capt. Hardin carried off scoring honors for M. B. A.

Caldwell and Smith were outstanding for St. Andrews both on the offense and defense.

The Hi Y Team

The M. B. A. Hi Y Club, sponsored by the Central Y. M. C. A. this year, won the City Hi Y championship. The team was composed of some very good basketball players and were undefeated throughout the year, winning from Central, Hume-Fogg, Wallace and Duncan twice each and also defeating some strong independent teams. Members of the team were: Capt. Allen, Tanksley, Willard, Yates, Penick and Sanders.

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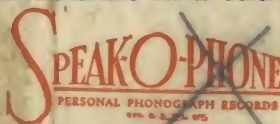
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